

SCENES OF HORROR AT TUNNEL WRECK.

down into the cut while the great job was being carried through. Finally the men succeeded in wrenching the body loose. It was dragged a hundred feet down the track and there laid out in the sun while the others went on with the work of rescuing those alive.

It was slow work. Almost every one of the passengers was so pinned down that he had to be dug out with the greatest pains. It was terrible work, but the firemen, police and doctors worked at it long hours.

While they were busy trying to save the lives of the passengers a number of Catholic priests and evangelists from other denominations were in the rescue work, doing what they could to give comfort to the wounded.

Chaplain Wakely and Chaplain Smith, of the Fire Department, and Chaplain Daly, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, were among those who were on hand giving the last rights of the Catholic Church to those of the dying who belonged to that faith.

Hung Head Downward.
One of the most terrible experiences was that of Peter Murphy, of New Rochelle. When the crash came he was hurled partly through one of the windows of the rear car in which he was sitting.

He went out head first, and would have escaped but for the fact that the roof of the car fell upon his legs when he was part way out.

Thus he was caught hanging head downward with his arms dragging on the ground.

His legs were held as in a vice. The pain was awful, but he retained consciousness.

Rescuers came to his help, but they could do nothing for the time being.

Thirty Minutes of Agony.
There he hung screaming for help. He tried bravely to direct the effort of the men to save him. For thirty minutes he swung in this frightful position and finally the firemen were able to chop him free.

"Lift that stuff off my legs," pleaded Murphy of Acting Fire Chief Priels.

"If I do it will fall on some of the others inside," said Priels.

"All right, let it stay then, I guess I can stand it," said Murphy, pluckily.

Despite his awful agony he never lost consciousness through any part of the ordeal. He was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital.

He tried to tell something of the accident to those who questioned him, but the story was incoherent.

Both his legs are mangled in the most terrible manner, and it is thought he cannot recover.

Had Both Legs Broken.
Dr. Watson, who arrived at Bellevue Hospital just before six o'clock with Albert Wadley, of New Rochelle, in an ambulance, said that he and his driver had to dig Mr. Wadley out of the wreck.

He was covered with splinters and dust and had many bruises and cuts. Both of his legs were broken and he was seriously injured internally.

He is in business at No. 491 Fifth avenue. He is fifty-three years old. He was hardly able to speak when he arrived at the hospital.

Roasted Beside the Engine.
From the rear car of the telescoped train the first dead were taken. The wreckers chopped their way through the roof of the car, fighting bravely against the blinding clouds of scalding steam that escaped from the wrecked boiler of the White Plains engine.

Close up against the boiler of the engine three bodies were found. They were gradually roasted from the intense heat, and to this point the wreckers made their way first.

The bodies of A. Edmund Hunt Mills of New Rochelle and H. G. Bimon, No. 108 Manhattan avenue, were taken out.

Bodies Pinned Women Down.
The screams of a woman and the excited shouts of a young man on the outside of the wrecked car directed the workers to the centre of the car, where lay two young women.

Each was pinned down by the body of a dead man, while wreckage was heaped high on them.

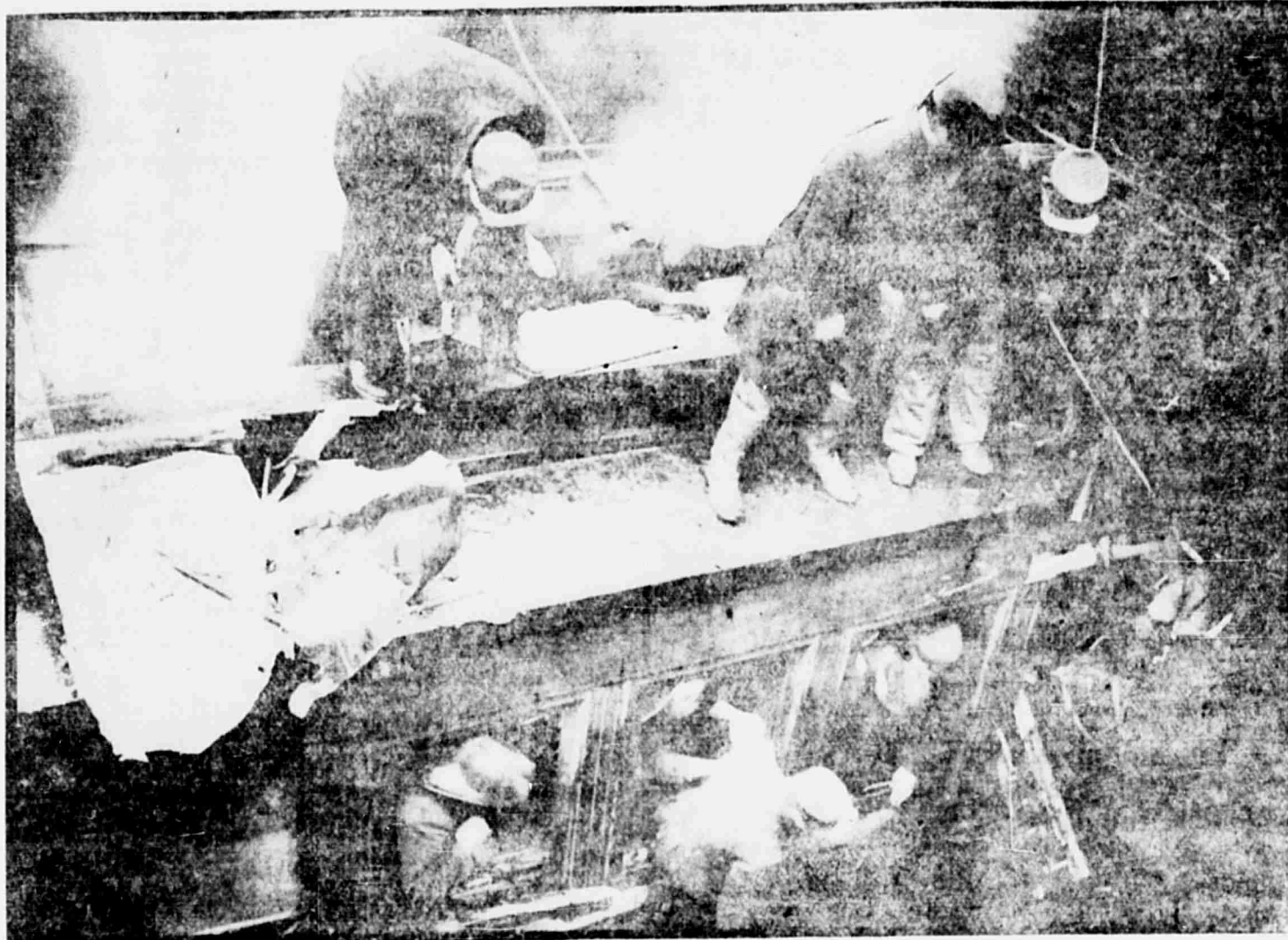
They were Sadie Scott and Bertha Rice, of New Rochelle. The wreckers quickly freed them, and Dr. H. M.

Sea Telegraphy.
The submarine cables of the world are described at length in the 1902 World Almanac. The information there presented is compiled from a report issued by the International Bureau of Telegraph Administration. It will tell you how many nautical miles of cable there are in the world. It will tell you which of these deep-sea systems are owned by nations and which are owned by companies. There are over 29,000 nautical miles of cables owned by nations. But the United States owns none of these. This is a most interesting topic, and one every person should be posted on.

Crowds Greatly Excited.
There was imminent danger of another accident, for at this hour trains follow one another like soldiers in procession.

All traffic was stopped, however, and any further accident was prevented.

Crowds Jumped the Fences, Peered



From Photograph Taken Expressly for Evening World.
FIREMEN TAKING DEAD AND DYING FROM THE WRECK.

Arthur, who had climbed into the wrecked car attended them.

Miss Scott, who had a leg broken, is a daughter of Robert Scott, a well-known grocer of Woodside, New Rochelle, and a niece of Alexander McConnell, the Fifth avenue florist.

She came to the city this morning with her friend, Miss Rice, also of New Rochelle.

They were seated together in the car when the crash came. Miss Rice fared worse than Miss Scott.

Her brother, who was the excited young man on the outside of the car, who begged the wreckers to come to his sister and sister-in-law, the general confusion with his lamentations.

He was in the car when the crash came, but was prepared to leave and had gone to the front door when the crash came.

Stood in Boiling Water.
Fireman William Clark, one of the heroes of the Windsor Hotel fire, was badly hurt about the legs and feet. He stood up to his ankles in boiling water for fifteen minutes, fending with his hat the injured Rice and Scott girls.

Despite his injuries, he remained at work until his company went back to the fire house. Not until then was it found that the flesh had literally been cooked off his feet and ankles.

Found a Woman's Arm.
A policeman found an arm among the wreckage that apparently belonged to a woman. A glove clung to the hand, and the arm itself was covered with the flesh of a Russian coat. The arm had been wrenching out of the socket.

A man's vest was picked up with a watch chain attached, but the watch was missing. There was a card in the vest, but it was so badly scorched that the information could not be deciphered.

Carry Sufferers to Ladders.
The injured were carried up the ladders, reaching the ground in their terrible pain, but there was no help for this treatment. There was no other way by which they could be taken out unless they were carried down the ladders, and this was no way.

So many of them were taken up the ladders and laid on the cold street that the ambulances were not able to take care of them, so that the force of private nurses was turned upon.

Later they were removed to the hospitals, mostly to the Flower, the Presbyterian, Roosevelt and Bellevue.

Other Cars Like Prisons.
In the rear of the rear car the situation was not so bad, but the condition was such as to require help. The doors of the cars had been broken in the running of one car into another, and the passengers could not escape.

Many of them broke through what was there was left and tried to escape. In this way, and they were so excited and in such a hurry that they got stuck on the ladders.

Police Drive Away Crows.
Detective Sergeant Hughes, with eight men in uniform, arrived at the scene of the wreck. He and his men were there to protect the public from pickpockets and to see that the dead and injured were not robbed.

The police drove the crowds out of the tunnel. Many were discovered searching for valuables, and others were suspected of looking for loot. Orders were issued to arrest any one found acting suspiciously at the scene.

Jerome Investigating.
As soon as District Attorney Jerome heard of the accident he went to the tunnel and began an investigation on his own account to determine the cause of the accident and to

fix the blame if blame is due to any one.

Roadmaster Franklin, of the Central, conducted Mr. Jerome and his party through the tunnel. Jerome had the distance measured from the engine of the rear train to a point where it ran into the front train. This distance was shown to be thirty feet eight inches.

Then he raised a measurement to be taken from the engine to a point where the next black signal is shown. These measurements he had arrested and signed by those who took them and those who witnessed them.

Mr. Franklin told Mr. Jerome that the engine of the colliding train was to blame. "Some one told me," he said, "that the engine of the rear train had failed to work. Mr. Jerome then ordered that the brakes be applied and Miles Henson, master mechanic of that section of the road, ordered Engineer S. Craig, who had taken charge of the engine, to test them on. Mr. Jerome and his party examined the brakes on all the cars of the train, and found that they worked all right.

One of the new Coroners also went to the scene of the accident and began an investigation.

They were both present when the engine of the White Plains train was pulled out of the wreckage of the rear car of the New York train.

It looked as though it had been in a terrible explosion. All the fittings on the front part of it were gone. The car was fairly well preserved, but the big brass front piece, on which was the number of the engine was gone. It could not be found, and the assumption is that it is buried somewhere in the debris of the car it crashed.

All the time was spent from the engine. It has been blasted off. When the bodies were weighed into the car there was no escape from the terrible heat, held in as it was by the wooden splinters, which piled up around it, and the boiler became hot and hot.

Witnesses Examined.
After inspecting the tunnel and wreckage carefully, District Attorney Jerome went down to the East Fifty-first street police station to interview the witnesses. On the way Mr. Jerome said:

"I think any case that involves the death of fifteen or more people is worthy of investigation, but I will not say what action I will take."

I have looked over the scene, but whether or not there was criminal carelessness I will not venture to say. I will let the investigation determine that.

Mr. Jerome was accompanied by his assistant, Mr. Gavan, Detective Hammon, of his staff, and Deputy Police Commissioner Thurston.

The examination of witnesses was conducted by Mr. Jerome. In Captain Lantry's private office at the Fifty-first street station.

Michael Brennan, superintendent of the Police Headquarters Telegraph Bureau, established a set of wires from the wreck to the various police stations and hospitals, so that friends of injured and dead may be able to get quick information.

Despite the utmost efforts of the authorities of the Grand Central sta-

tion the wreck was not cleared away until late in the afternoon.

The bodies were being carried to the New York Central road, were set out as soon as it was possible to do anything without danger to the injured. The engine was pulled to a point where it was left on the track.

The greatest difficulty came in getting the rear car or what was left of it out of the way. It had to be literally carried out of the tunnel by hand.

Heartbreaking Scenes.
The most heartbreaking scenes of the day after the agony of the main body was over, were in the East Fifty-first street station, where lay all the dead bodies.

Many of the bodies of children and women were lying on the floor, and some were looking for those who had been with them.

The station was filled with people mourning their loss. They went in with their faces covered with tears and came out with their faces white with grief at what they saw or else relieved somewhat that their loved ones had not been killed.

Among the callers was an old woman, nearly blind, who was on the verge of hysterics. She stood trembling, clutching the Sergeant at the desk and asked if some one was dead.

None but the sergeant caught the name as it was the noise in the station house.

"I think he's dead," said the person, understanding the name, as he asked and explained.

A pretty shock came from the old woman, and she fell in a swoon on the floor.

She was picked up and laid in the Captain's room, where she recovered, and was informed that the person for whom she was looking was not there.

Women in a Swoon.
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THE DEAD AND INJURED.

(Continued from First Page.)

WASHBURN, FRANK, fifty-five years old, New Rochelle, President of National Paper Bag Co., at No. 1 Broadway, New York.

WALTON, HERBERT E., thirty years old, New Rochelle.

THE INJURED.
ADAMS, ALBERT W., New Rochelle, left leg cut off, condition serious.

BROOKS, WILLIAM, No. 279 Carroll street, Brooklyn, face scalded.

BROWN, WILLIAM, New Rochelle, contusions.

CARROLL, GEORGE, New Rochelle, right leg fractured and arm scalded.

COFFIN, LAURETTE, New Rochelle, fifteen years old, cut in head.

COWDELL, S. E., New Rochelle, bruises and shock.

CRADING, GEORGE W., twenty-five years old, New Rochelle, three fingers broken, possible fracture of shoulder.

CUSHER, GEORGE E., East Portchester, contusion, back injured.

FOSTER, WILLIAM A., No. 103 North Main street, Portchester, scalp wounds, Hospital for ruptured and crippled.

HAYLAND, JOHN E., thirty-three years old, No. 28 Sound View street, Portchester, sprained back and contusion of eye. At Hospital for the crippled and ruptured.

HARRISON, JAMES E., Portchester, scalp wounds and bruises.

HEROLD, E., New Rochelle, face cut and bruised.

HUNTER, E. W., Hawthorne, Conn., contusions.

KRENE, MAY, New Rochelle, serious internal injuries.

She went away unharmed but happy.

The crowd was most mixed in its character. There were bankers, lawyers, doctors, rich and poor, men and women, fathers and mothers, all went on the same errand.

A doctor was in attendance, for those who were unfortunate enough to find that their relatives were among the dead in the back room really needed attention.

ONLY WOMAN KILLED COOKED TO DEATH.

Palmetto Ruskey, of the East Fifty-first street station, tells of the death of the only woman killed in the collision.

"I was by her side when the end came," says Ruskey, "and it is something that I don't like to think about."

"When I went down into the tunnel I found this woman pinned down in the wreckage. She was conscious and in terrible pain. As I went by she screamed to me to help her. I stopped and turned to her."

"Try as I would I could not move the wreckage that pinned her down. I tried to cheer her by telling her that we would have her out soon, but she screamed continually, said that she did not want to die and begged me to save her. Other men came to my assistance, but we were unable to do anything."

"After a few minutes the woman became calmer. She seemed to realize that we were doing the best we could to get her out. She told me that she was suffering and faint and asked for some brandy."

"I ran among the crowd asking for whiskey, and found a man with a flask. I returned with it to the woman. Just as she took the flask a steamship burst right under her. I believe she was cooked to death."

"I heard one shrill scream, and when I was able to get to her side again she was dead and the whiskey flask lay broken on the wreckage beside her body."

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Five Dollars a Box

The Price Cut No Figure With Him.

"I want to say for the benefit of some poor dyspeptic that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will give comfort and a cure every time. Five dollars a box would not stop



my purchasing them should I ever suffer again as I did for a week before using them. The one I bought at my drug store did the work, and my digestion is all right again."

Many of my neighbors have also tried these tablets and found them to be just as represented, and Mr. Ellis also wants me to use his name in endorsing Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Signed

A. ELLIS and CHAS. F. BUZZELL, Asst. Postmaster, Southbury, Conn.

Mrs. Jas. Harton, of Toronto, Canada, writes: "For eighteen months I suffered from what I supposed was bladder and kidney trouble, and took medicine from three different doctors, without any sign of cure. I felt so ill at last I was hardly able to do my work."

"I thought I would try a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and see if they would make me feel better, never really thinking I had dyspepsia, but after only three or four tablets had been taken all the acid trouble disappeared and then I discovered I had had acid dyspepsia, while the doctors had been treating me for kidney and bladder trouble, and one of them treated me for rheumatism."

My digestion is fine, my complexion clear, and I am able to do my work and low spirits are unknown to me. I am so thankful for finding a cure so good and so pleasant to take as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, I am surprised at the change they have made in me."

All druggists sell and recommend Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they contain only the simple natural digestive, and taken after meals, prevent acidity and cause prompt digestion and assimilation of food."

Physicians everywhere endorse them because they are as safe for the child as for the adult; they are invaluable for sour stomach, nervous dyspepsia, heartburn, gas on stomach and bowels and every form of stomach derangement."

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS.
STUART, ROBERT A., Rochelle Park, cut in back.

TALCOTT, EDWARD, New Rochelle, leg broken and internal injuries.

WADLEY, ALBERT, New Rochelle, fifty-three years old, office at No. 491 Fifth avenue, New York—both legs broken; will die.

WHITELEY, ARTHUR, New Rochelle, dangerously scalded.

WISKER, J. M., forty-six years old, East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, engineer rear train, serious injuries, Flower Hospital.

WRIGHT, F. W., No. 21 Colonnade avenue, New Rochelle, cut in head, New York Hospital.

WOOD, JESSIE E., New Rochelle, scalp wounds.

Lost 54 BARCLAY ST. COR WEST ST. 29 CORTLANDT ST. COR CHURCH

B. Altman & Co.

SUIT DEPARTMENT. For Thursday, Second Floor, January 9th!

A number of Street Suits, in Tailor-Made and Demi-Tailor effects; Cloth, Zibeline, Cheviot, Corduroy and Velveteen,

Formerly \$35.00 to 69.00 \$22.50, 28.00, 35.00

Also

Decided Reductions have been made in the prices of the remaining High Cost Gowns.

Pure Tobacco Never Harmed Anyone